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Some German Poets.

BY B. S.

I.—LUDWIG UHLAND.

Ludwig Uhland, the chief of the Suabian *Dichterbund*, or "Poet's Alliance," was born in Tübingen in Germany on the 26th of April, 1787. His father was secretary to the University and his grandfather Professor of the same learned body, so that Ludwig grew up in an atmosphere of learning most congenial to his studious nature. Although his favorite study was Philosophy, at the age of fourteen he matriculated in Law, his father being desirous that he should study for the bar.

One day, Professor Seybold gave the young student a Latin poem on "William of Aquitaine," and a new world was opened to him. Fascinated by the old German legends and heroic ballads, he gave himself up in private to the study of the Norse and Gallic tongues, in order to drink inspiration at the very fount. In these pursuits he was encouraged by a little band of fellow-workers—Kerner, Mayer and Leo von Seckendorf. His first poem appeared in the *Almanac of the Muses*, edited by the last-named friend.

In 1810, Uhland won the diploma of Doctor of Laws; he then travelled up the Rhine and to Paris, where he spent some time studying the treasures of old romances and "sagas" stored in the public library. On his return to Tübingen he practised as a lawyer for a short time, but in 1812 accepted the post of secretary to the Minister of Justice in Stuttgart. This post was little suited to his independent character; he retained it only two years, returning, in 1814, to his native city. During the wars of Napoleon his stirring patriotic ballads excited much attention, and after Napoleon's downfall he continued to inveigh against the governments which still refused the people the promised constitutions. He was chosen by his fellow-citizens to be their representative in the formation of the Würtemberg constitution when finally granted, but was looked upon with no favorable eye in

State circles. Consequently, though several times nominated by the Senate of the University to the chair of Professor of German, it was only in 1829, when there were rumors of his being invited to Bavaria, that the Würtembergian Government confirmed his appointment.

Nine years previous (in 1820), Uhland married Emilia Fischer, daughter to a merchant of Calw. About this time also he wrote two dramas—"Ernest, Duke of Suabia," and "Louis the Bavarian." Although possessed of much beauty, a want of movement was considered to unfit them for the stage, and they were never given to the public. Uhland lectured for a few years on the history of German poetry from the 13th to the 16th century, on the old Roman and German legends and fables, and on the *Nibelungenlied*. But in 1832 he again accepted the post of deputy from Stuttgart, and asked leave—which the king willingly granted—to resign his Professor's Chair.

Thenceforth Uhland devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of German ballads and legends; the fruit of his researches was seen in the *Sammlung der Volkslieder*—"Collection of Ballads"—which appeared in 1844, and in different other publications, articles, essays, etc. The year 1848 again called Uhland to the political arena; he sat with the Left in the famous meeting in St. Paul's Church in Frankfurt. He was offered the Berlin Order of Merit for Art and Sciences when it was founded, and the Maximilian Order as soon as it was established in Bavaria. He declined both, lest he should be thought to make the slightest concession from his known principles. For this he was greatly censured, but the poet remained inflexible. In 1862, on returning from his friend Kerner's interment, he was seized with his last illness, and expired in Tübingen on the 23d of February of that year.

Uhland's poems won public favor slowly; but once known, no poet met with more constant and cordial appreciation. He, in the words of a judicious critic, presents nature to us in festive attire. His poems seem to animate the landscape: we hear the churchbells ringing and see the shepherds tending their flocks. The past arises before us as

if summoned by an enchanter's wand, but transformed and beautified. Once more the falcon soars aloft from knight and lady's wrist; once more the wandering minstrel knocks at the castle's lordly portals and fair maidens stray o'er the green meadows to be seen and loved by errant king's sons. Schiller created an ideal supernatural world, Uhland an ideal natural one. His romantic idealism was vigorously opposed by "young Germany," which is founded on materialism. Its leader, Heine, sarcastically declared that Uhland's poems read like Sunday school hymns. The abyss which lay between the two poets was sharply defined by T. Vischer in an original apologue. He represents Euterpe, the Muse of poetry, in bitter grief and dismay because, under the influence of a momentary intoxication, she had bestowed the gift of song on a cowardly, effeminate Sybarite (Heine). When she discovers that Uhland by his manly virtues and patriotism will repair her error, she is consoled, and exclaims, gladly: "Oh! future generations will bless me for the chaste kiss I once impressed on thy brow! Thou shalt live immortal in the memory of thy nation, saving the honor of my name, imperilled by one rash act!" And so saying, she soared joyfully on high, and rejoined her sisters on Mount Helicon.

We understand that the centenary of Uhland's birth will be celebrated by his admirers with much pomp next April at the German universities.

II.—GUSTAVUS SCHWAB.

Abendsegen.

Dank, Vater, dir für Leid und Lust
Und was du mir gegeben.
Laß mich, wie dieses liebe Heut,
Mein Morgen auch erleben.
Erfüll mir keinen thö'rgen Wunsch,
Das Gute laß nicht säumen;
Und was du mir nicht geben kannst,
Ei, davon laß mich träumen!

Gustav Schwab.

[Translation:]

EVENING HYMN.

I thank Thee, Father, for Thy many gifts,
The pleasure, and the pain.
Let me behold, as I have done this morn,
The new day rise again.
Grant not my prayer if foolish. Only hear
When good to Thee it seems.
And, if Thou wilt not give me what I crave,
Send it to bless my dreams.

B. S.

Uhland's eldest pupil, as Gustavus Schwab called himself, was born in Stuttgart on the 19th of June, 1792, of wealthy parents, who bestowed on him a most liberal and careful education. In 1809 he entered the University of Tübingen, where he studied philosophy for two years and theology for three. It was during that period that his friendship with Uhland and Kerner began; they soon became most intimate and were life-long friends. On the completion of his studies he travelled through North Germany, where he made the acquaintance of Rückert, Goethe, Chamisso, Hoffmann, the brothers Grimm, and other literary celebrities. He then

became tutor on the Tübingen foundation, which occupation afforded him abundant leisure for literature and poetry. Becoming professor in the upper gymnasium in Stuttgart a few years later, he developed a prodigious activity; editing the *Kunstblatt*, or "Art Journal," sharing in the management of the *Morgenblatt*, or "Morning Paper," issuing the well-known *Uebersetzungs-Bibliothek*—"Library of Translations"—with Osiander and Tafel, publishing alone a collection of German songs and lyrics, new editions of the best German popular works and the choicest legends of classical antiquity. He made a pedestrian tour through his Suabian home and described its beauties in *Picturesque and Romantic Germany*. At his own request, he was nominated Pastor of Gomaringen, near Tübingen, in 1837; but in 1841, after a voyage to Sweden, he was transferred to the parish of Stuttgart. Four years later he was made Councillor of the Consistory and of the upper school board. He wrote during the few years he filled those offices a "Life of Schiller," a "Selection of German Prose and Poetry" and a "Description of Switzerland with its Castles and Strongholds." He died suddenly of apoplexy November 3, 1850.

Schwab's poetical gifts were seen to greatest advantage in his romances and ballads. His descriptions are remarkably sparkling and attractive, yet he sometimes uses a short, simple phrase, which portrays the idea he wishes to place before his readers' eyes most effectively. He sought the subjects of his poems everywhere, and particularly loved to revive some old legend or tradition, and to rejuvenate it by his brilliant, modern version, for which he had an extreme facility. His peculiar excellence lay in narrative and descriptive poetry.

III.—JUSTINUS KERNER.

Poesie.

Poesie ist tiefes Schmerz,
Und es kommt das ächte Lied
Einzig aus dem Menschenherzen,
Daß ein tiefes Leid durchglüht.
Doch die höchsten Poesien
Schweigen wie der höchste Schmerz,
Nur wie Geisterschatten ziehen
Stumm wie durch's gebrochene Herz.

Justinus Kerner.

[Translation:]

POETRY.

Out of the depths of the keenest pain
True poetry takes its birth.
When hearts lie fainting beneath the strain
Of life's burden, prone to earth.
But still the poetry most sublime
Is dumb, like the acme of woe.
Only mute spectres from time to time
Glide o'er broken hearts laid low.

B. S.

Justin Andrew Christian Kerner was born at Ludwigsburg on the 18th of September, 1786. His father, the prefect of the town, was of a gay, jovial disposition, while his mother was a quiet, pious lady, greatly beloved by her son. Justin united the characteristics of both parents, contradictory

as they may appear, and of this ample evidence is to be found in his works. When he was nine years old, his father was sent to Maulbronn, a sequestered town situated in a romantic valley in the neighborhood of a mediæval Cistercian abbey. This powerfully influenced the imagination of the young poet, and a long, wasting illness, the cure of which the Russian privy Councillor Weickart claimed to have worked by his northern elixir, but which Kerner attributed himself to magnetism, which Gmelin had tried on him, contributed largely to develop the tendency to mysticism which so markedly affected his whole life.

After his father's death, which left his family in very straitened circumstances, Justin was apprenticed first to a joiner, then to a confectioner; finally it was decided he should be made a merchant, and he was sent to learn his business in a cloth manufactory. The repugnance of his natural genius to this employment developed the harmless and genial sense of humor which never left him. He at last succeeded in entering Tübingen to study medicine, and there met Uhland and became his friend and fellow-worker in the publication of the *Sonntagsblatt*. As soon as he gained his diploma of Doctor in Medicine, he travelled through northern Germany, and finally settled down in Wildbad to practise his profession. There he wrote his humorous "Reiseschatten," and united the Suabian poets, who were all mutual friends, first in the "Almanac of the Muses for 1812," and then in the "German Poet's Wood." He changed his residence several times, but in 1819 took possession of the office of head physician in Weinsberg, a place he rendered celebrated by his renown and the concourse of foreigners whom his singular cures attracted. There he built his *kleines Haus*—"small house," as he called it, and his Swiss cottage where he exercised the most unbounded hospitality, equally welcoming travelling artisans, apprentices and crowned heads, and there he began the magnetic cures and researches into the night side of nature which obtained for him European fame, but which also drew on him endless contradictions and mockery. Eschenmayer supported him steadfastly, and together they published several works.

Kerner wrote the following epigram in humorous allusion to his mesmeric fame:

"Slight is my poetic fame,
That of Doctor, most confused;
But, just mention spirits' name,
And you'll hear me well abused."

His old age was saddened by blindness; however, the kindness of the King of Bavaria and of his friends secured him every comfort. He died on the 22d of February 1862.

Kerner's poems bear the impress of a deep, earnest, melancholy nature, although he has written many sparkling comic works which show how strangely mirth and sadness were blended in his singular disposition. His ballads are mostly sad, but some of his drinking and hunting songs breathe the very soul of mirth. He was intimate with the Prince Hohenlohe, so famous for his miraculous cures by

united prayer, and is said to have edited the Lenten sermons of the latter.

A Glance at the so-Called Reformation.

BY F. H. DEXTER.

The historical student, in his researches into the past, meets with a most interesting and often marvellous array of events. Like a colossal panorama, the various and successive changes of the nations of the world, from creation to his own time, pass vividly before him. He sees man in the beginning living in peace and harmony; but ere long pride, and, as a consequence, rebellion, steals in and dashes the cup of happiness from his lips. Towns and villages arise, tribes increase, dissensions spring up, and on a groundwork of blood is laid the foundation of future empires. Egypt and Greece, the earliest states, rise into prominence and power; but, departing from virtue and God, they sink into obscurity and insignificance. The golden days of the Roman Empire, when she was in the zenith of her glory, pass rapidly before him, astonishing the mind at the conception of her majesty and splendor. Rome, "that sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world," is now a changed image of the past; the temples of the pagan gods and the palaces of the imperial Cæsars have crumbled away—a heap of lonely ruins through which the wind whistles a solemn dirge. Thus it is seen that the most powerful and majestic states are not safe from the pride and disaffection of some of its members, and that human institutions, left to themselves, are weak and unstable.

Great as were the events and changes of ancient times, none had greater influence in shaping the history of after-times, nor affected the civilized world more, than the terrible wave that broke over Europe in the beginning of the 16th century, called the "Reformation." Although a religious movement, it involved all the powers of Europe in a stormy struggle from which, after the lapse of centuries, they have not yet recovered. So general did it become, and so much is it now associated with civil government and society that it partakes as much of the civil as religious character.

In order to investigate the history of this great movement one must study well the condition of Europe, especially Germany, after its invasion in the 4th and 5th centuries by the barbarian hordes of the North and East. This wild and uncouth race, being attracted by the fair provinces which they had overrun, settled all along the Rhine and through Germany. Their descendants, inheriting the fierce nature of their ancestors, were possessed of a factious spirit, which often broke out into turbulent and bloody disputes that authority could not restrain. Their rulers, haughty and overbearing, set at defiance the restrictions of Church and State which were put as a check upon their vicious lives. However, after coming under the benign influence of Christianity their manners and habits were soft-

ened, and, being instructed in the arts and sciences, their attention was turned to more peaceful fields. Zealous men were sent among them, who labored faithfully to establish churches and schools, and to communicate those blessings of civilized and religious life of which they were the bearers.

Still, they retained much of their ancient spirit—namely, contempt of authority and love of strife. A communion had been established between the Holy See and the emperors, and the former body always endeavored to work in harmony with the latter. Considering the state of affairs at the time, it is plain that this was no easy matter, especially when we learn, by reading History, of the despotic and avaricious character of the emperors. At last, in 1076, an open rupture occurred. For many years the emperors had been in the habit of investing the newly elected bishops with the symbols of their office, and this privilege became at length the cause of abuses, as ecclesiastical offices, during the reign of Henry IV, were disposed of to the highest bidder and were made to serve the objects of an unprincipled and ambitious monarch.

Gregory VII, who resisted these attempts to corrupt the hierarchy and Church, met with great opposition, and had to contend against a spirit of insubordination which was constantly kept alive in the breasts of the people by designing princes. Thus we can see the condition of Germany—the seat of the Reformation—and its antipathy to the Papacy prior to this great movement. As regards England, one can easily see that the “Reformation” in that country was the result of a monarch’s passion, and was engendered in a sudden fit of pride and anger.

The 16th century opened upon Europe like the dawn of a new and wonderful era. The unknown West had been penetrated, and the New World, rich in natural advantages and beauties, was opened to the poor and oppressed of the Old. In literature, the golden age of Leo had ushered in a glorious array of literary lights, who astonished the world by the beauty and magnificence of their works. It was in this period that

“A Raphael painted and a Vida sang;”

that an Angelo, a Tasso, and numbers of other immortal names appeared. Never before, perhaps, was such an impetus given to civilization and the advancement of the arts and sciences; while nothing seemed wanting to make it even more prolific but encouragement and a peaceful field. However, such was not to be the case, for at this time a mighty wave of disorder and rebellion swept over Europe, jarring the civilized world to its very centre and shattering the bonds which held the Christian powers together in harmony and self-interest.

It is not our intention to speak here of the religious consequences of the “Reformation,” but only to cast a glance at its effects upon society in particular and mankind in general. In the first place, it arrayed the members of the civilized world into two grand bodies, and a distinction was drawn which sacrificed all social and family ties. Nation was arrayed against nation, prince against prince, father against son, brother against brother, and,

as a result, the whole of Europe became a scene of confusion and fermenting discord; on the continent, armies of fanatical soldiers, while in England bloody persecutions drenched the country in the blood of its best citizens. The golden age which Leo opened as a reign of glory was closed by the reformers as a reign of terror.

As regards literature and learning, their very sources were destroyed in the suppression and demolition of the monasteries. From the earliest times the monks had devoted themselves to the preservation and encouragement of the various branches of learning, and as a result, the monasteries had become the seat of useful sciences, literature, and the fine arts, being the living fountains from which the nations of the world drew their store of knowledge in a stream undefiled. These abodes of the monks became the special object of the “Reformers’” hatred, and for many years Europe blazed with the fire from thousands of valuable books and documents, rare works of art, and beautiful edifices lighted by the torches of fanatical enthusiasts. Thus was material and encouragement withdrawn, and learning left to grope her way through a long period of ensuing darkness. Another evil which resulted from the suppression of the monasteries was the misery and destitution of the poor, which followed. In good old Catholic times they had been fed and provided for by the monks; but with the advent of the “Reformation” and the introduction of the *new ideas* they found their protectors gone, and themselves thrown upon the cold-hearted and brutal mercies of the State. Their lot was, indeed, a miserable one! for they were treated little better than wild beasts, even being liable to be claimed as a slave by anyone who might discover them. A contemporary writer, speaking on this point, exclaims: “Great God! is it become a crime to be poor? These are the principles of that party which calls itself the ‘Reformation,’ the ‘exalter of man.’”

Is it true that a great interest was lent to literature by this movement? With the “Reformation” sprang up hosts of fanatical controversialists who confined themselves to arid and abusive religious disputes, forming a new branch of literature which Schlegel denominates as the “barbaro-polemic” style—if style it may be called. Men’s minds were carried away from the arts and sciences to be drawn into the dangerous and unpromising vortex of religious disputation, which had been stirred up by the “Reformers.” It was a long time before civilization recovered from the shock. After being marred and retarded for many years by acts of violence and bigotry, she is now recovering from their evil effects, and a brighter day is dawning for her oppressed children.

After three hundred years of storm, the clouds of ignorance and doubt are now dispersing, and that grand and majestic institution, the Roman Catholic Church, rearing her head above terrestrial institutions, is bathed in the stream of glory which proceeds from her Divine Founder, who promised that the gates of hell would not prevail against her and that He would be with her until the end of time.

Evening.

O, how sweet 'tis to gaze at the close of the day
 On the beauties of nature in gorgeous array;
 At the sun in his glory, as, sinking to rest,
 He envelops with gold the broad sky in the West;
 And now the horizon, by magic hand framed,
 Is resplendent as if there had bright rubies rained:
 And the tall, stately pines that receive his last kiss
 Add a delicate beauty, increasing our bliss;
 His scarlet cloak round him with grace he then throws
 As he sinks from our sight to wake those who repose!
 Now its gray deepening twilight throws o'er us its shroud,
 And the bright god of Day is obscured by the cloud.
 Lo! far in the East a soft, mellow light gleams—
 'Tis the fantastic toe tripped by merry moonbeams,
 While above the horizon their Orient queen
 In her raiment of silver resplendent is seen.
 And the dear little stars, with their faces so bright,
 Now appear in the lap of old grandmother, Night.

JOHN J. HAMLYN.

The Walhalla, or the Palace of Heroes.

This palace is built upon a mountain in the midst of the vast plain of the Danube in the centre of Bavaria, near the village of Donaustauf, and about four miles from Ratisbon; the waters of the Danube wash the foot of the mountain. Lofty green hills, one of which is crowned by the ruins of the Castle of Stauff, form a natural amphitheatre around it. The first stone was laid by the king of Bavaria on the 18th of October, 1830, the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic.

This superb edifice, rising so majestically amid environments which both nature and art have so well adapted to call forth the loftiest aspirations of the human heart, is designed to receive the busts and statues of the illustrious men of Germany in every age. It is of the Doric order, of colossal dimensions, and constructed entirely of grayish white marble. The architect was the Baron Kleufe. Along the sides are placed the productions of the first sculptors of Bavaria. The interior of the Walhalla is an oblong square, the walls of which are adorned by carved frieze, representing the migrations, religious costumes, manners, wars, and commerce of the ancient Germans. Beneath the frieze, between pilasters of red marble, topped by Ionic capitals of white marble, are to be arranged the statues of the great men of the nation.

The conception to which the Walhalla owes its existence is certainly grand, and no nation would be dishonored by adopting it and imitating its bold execution. We know of no religious or philosophical opinion, generally professed, that would not sanction in some degree the desire of public recognition, and the love of surviving oneself gloriously in the remembrance of humanity. True it is that we may well believe in the vanity and emptiness of these desires when they form, as is but too often the case, the sole and ultimate aim and purpose of human action. But when they are

prompted by that proper love of self which is natural to man,—when they are made to keep alive a healthy spirit of emulation and serve as incentives to great and noble deeds—when their object is intended as a means to the attainment of that grand ultimate end which constitutes the real destiny of humanity,—then their usefulness and profit for society cannot be denied. What noble and generous endeavors have been encouraged by the Walhalla of England, the Abbey of Westminster! When the signal of battle was given, Lord Nelson cried: "Victory, or the Abbey of Westminster!" This expression is more beautiful than the ancient cry of heroes—"Victory or death!" It shows more generous confidence and more love. The thought which inspired the bravery of Nelson, if given full expression, would be this: "Living or dead, I shall merit the recognition of my country!" Such a spirit is honorable, not only to the individual but also to the country that inspires it.

We may judge of the morality of a people by the devotion more or less deep and persevering towards virtue and genius. If society should have its penal code, it should have also its pantheon. Then it might compensate for the bloody severity of its laws against its criminal children by the dignity and sacredness of the rewards bestowed upon its heroic children. If it has its punishments, it should have also its recompenses; if there are torments, there should also be crowns; if there is the anathema, there should also be the apotheosis.

J. C.

Pleadings.

(CONTINUED.)

Should the ordinary demurrer, filed by way of objection to the sufficiency of a pleading, be overruled, the party who filed it must "answer over," or put in the pleading that he should have filed in the regular order and development of the preliminary work looking to the joining of issue. If the demurrer be sustained, the person to whose pleading it is offered must file a new pleading, making the necessary amendments and corrections therein. The effect of the demurrer is to secure for the person presenting it a better pleading and additional time. When a demurrer is filed, a day is fixed to argue before the court the questions it presents, and the court decides, after hearing the arguments of both sides, whether it should be sustained or overruled. It presents questions of law, and not of fact, for the consideration and decision of the court. Where it goes to the merits of the legal features of the case, and denies that the pleading presents any right of action or ground of defense under the law, the judgment of the court may be final as to the action upon the issue thus presented, although the right of appeal to the court above still remains to the defeated party. All pleadings in an action are filed in the office of the clerk, where the attorneys on both sides have access to them. They are taken into court at the time of the trial and whenever there needed.

The demurrer does not affirm or deny any matter of fact, and hence it is not regarded as a plea, in the strict sense of the word. It is rather an excuse for failing to plead. However, for the sake of convenience it is almost invariably treated in connection with pleas. At common law it confesses the truth of only such facts as are well pleaded and sufficient in substance and form. When facts are not well pleaded, they do not estop the party demurring from subsequently denying them. A pleading may be defective either in not alleging matter sufficient or in alleging matter sufficient in an improper manner. Either defect is ground for demurrer. Among the defects of substance in a declaration are: Failure to state consideration, in an action of assumpsit; failure to state the performance of a condition precedent, if there be such condition; failure to state title to the thing as in the plaintiff, and conversion of the same by the defendant, in an action of trover. Among the defects in form are: Failure to state the place in a transitory action; so wording a special plea as to make it amount to the general issue; stating the allegations of a pleading argumentatively, or so as to amount to a negative pregnant, or to be chargeable with duplicity. To defects of substance the demurrer is general; to defects of form, special.

The statutory subjects of demurrer are: That the court has no jurisdiction; that the plaintiff lacks legal capacity to sue; that another action is pending between the parties in reference to the same cause; that there is a defect of parties; that the declaration does not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action, and that several causes of action have been improperly joined.

Formal defects are aided or waived when the pleader does not demur specially to them, but pleads over. It is a rule under the Code that if the complaint do not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action, the plaintiff cannot have judgment, even though the defendant answer and go to trial. To prove all that he has alleged in such case gives no ground for a judgment in his favor. He is non-suited or his complaint is dismissed. A demurrer aids no pleading that it does not confess to be true, and it confesses no allegation that a person is not permitted by the rule of estoppel to maintain. But the person in whose favor the estoppel operates may reply specially to it, instead of demurring, and thus he can avail himself of any advantage it affords. A demurrer confesses no facts that, if pleaded, would constitute a departure; nor does it confess an averment of anything naturally or legally impossible. To leave unanswered what one cannot contest is not a confession of it, and hence a demurrer does not confess irrelevant or immaterial allegations.

When a demurrer is filed, the adverse party must accept the issue it tenders and join in it. Failure to do so has the same effect as failure to plead. It is tantamount to an abandonment of the case. When a demurrer is taken it reaches back through the whole record, and searches out every substantial defect, no matter on which side it appears. Judgment is given against the person in whose

pleading the first substantial defect is found. And if a cause of action is not stated in the plaintiff's pleadings, the court may so rule in reviewing the record. A judgment rendered upon demurrer is as conclusive as to the facts admitted by the demurrer as would be a verdict finding the same facts. They appear as matter of record, and cannot afterward be contested by the same parties or those in privity with them. Where a demurrer is sustained or overruled, the party thereby affected may plead over or amend on the terms prescribed by the court and payment of the costs growing out of the demurrer.

In certain cases, when the pleadings end in an issue of fact for the jury, the person maintaining the negative may withdraw the examination of the case from the jury and refer it to the court by a demurrer to the evidence. The issue of fact for the jury is thus changed into an issue of law for the court. All the facts in evidence are admitted to be true, correctly pleaded, and properly proved. After argument, the judgment of the court is rendered in favor of either side, according to the law, as understood by the court; and the subsequent proceedings are the same as though a verdict on the facts had been found by the jury in favor of the same side.

In New York and other Code States this demurrer is superseded by a motion for a non-suit when the plaintiff's evidence is closed. A non-suit is granted where the evidence is so weak that the court above would be likely to set aside a verdict founded upon it. This motion may also be made at the close of the evidence on both sides. When the defendant has evidently not established a good defense, the plaintiff may request the court to direct the jury to find a verdict in his favor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Books and Periodicals.

CHICAGO'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL, with Engraved Portraits of the 24 Mayors, from 1837 to 1887. By Geo. W. Melville, 116 Dearborn St., Chicago. Price, \$1.00.

The title of this publication indicates its nature and contents; but it is very far from giving any idea of the many beauties of the graver's art, which will delight the eye of the reader. It contains a short but compendious history of Chicago, with excellent illustrations of past and present public buildings, well-executed and artistically finished portraits of the thirty-four mayors, who have presided over the city government from the time of its incorporation in 1837, with brief sketches accompanying each. The numerous advertisements alone are marvels of design and skill. The whole forms an elegant "memorial" of the semi-centennial of the "Garden City."

IS THERE A GOD WHO CARES FOR US? Translated from the French of Mgr. Ségur. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

In this vest-pocket little book of some 70 pages,

the great questions of the existence of God and of His Providence are treated with great profundity of reasoning, but expressed in words so clear and familiar and so aptly illustrated, that anyone who has come to the use of reason cannot fail to understand and be impressed by their import. The spirit of the age in which we live, when infidelity is making such ravages in the Christian world, gives a character of special timeliness to the treatment of these questions. And the Christian, who is daily and hourly brought into contact with his infidel neighbor, will find in this little book an arsenal from which to draw most powerful weapons to defend the foundations of the faith that is in him. To the soul "groping in darkness," but earnestly searching after the truth, this work will come as a powerful ray of light illuminating his pathway and guiding him into the haven of intellectual rest. It is a work that commends itself to everyone, whether believer or unbeliever.

—*The Art Amateur* for April gives an attractive figure study in two colors by J. Carroll Beckwith: a fine study of tulips by Victor Dagon; a double-page "Flight of Swallows" for panel decoration; designs for cups and saucers, a chocolate jug (chicory) and a double tile (butterflies and honeysuckles); a dogwood design for an embroidered chair-back, and a variety of outline sketches, monograms, and minor designs for art work. The number is specially rich in suggestions for fruit painting, both in oils and in mineral colors. There are also valuable practical articles on sketching from nature, painting from the cast, church *appliqué* work; and the "Figure in the Foreground" in amateur photography, and the useful talks with decorators are continued. Articles of special interest are those relating to the A. T. Stewart collection, the Wm. M. Chase exhibition and "Pictures in Paris," and "My Note Book" overflows with gossip and information about pictures, porcelain and bric-à-brac.

—"The Story of the Merrimac and the Monitor," the first of General Adam Badeau's "War Stories for Boys and Girls," with its graphic descriptions and spirited illustrations, is one of the prominent features of the April *St. Nicholas*. Another, but of a more peaceful type, is a charming article on "Harrow-on-the-Hill," number three of the "Four Great English Schools," which Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's graceful pencil and pen are making so attractive to American boys and girls. But to many readers the most welcome contribution will be the jolly fairy operetta, "The Children's Crusade," by E. S. Brooks, the author of the successful "Land of Nod." It is easy to mount, yet affords fine opportunities for display. The music, which is simple and tuneful, is by Frederic Preston. The serial stories are full of interest this month. "Juan and Juanita" meet with some thrilling adventures; and the directors of "Jenny's Boarding-house" get into serious difficulties. C. F. Holder shows in "A Frozen Dragon," how the Chinese belief in the fabled monster may have grown from the existence there, ages ago, of a gi-

gantic hairy rhinoceros; Ernest E. Thompson tells of a lively bird of to-day that wears snowshoes, carries a fan and serenades its mate on the drum; and Frank Marshall White contributes a capital story of a young reporter's experiences on his first "assignment," entitled "'Cross Country with the News."

—*The Popular Science Monthly* for April contains many articles in which everybody will be interested. Dr. William A. Hammond draws, in the opening article on "Brain-Forcing in Childhood," a vivid picture of the evils of the book-cramming process which prevails too much in all our schools, and pleads for fewer studies, more direct contacts with Nature, and less of the intervention of books. In "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass," Mr. G. P. Serviss shows how much can be done with simple instruments, and gives plain directions for studying the sky of the season with the one indicated. Every member of the family may be practically benefited by reading his article. In "Social and Physiological Inequality," Dr. H. D. Chapin views scientifically a problem with which the trades-unions are trying to cope. Mr. Barton W. Evermann, in "Bird-Migration," explains the method recommended by the American Ornithologists' Union for the study of the periodical coming and going of birds, and lays out a plan of work which every lover of the observation of Nature can follow intelligently. Professor L. R. F. Griffin describes "A Remarkable Explosion" of a store of dynamite which took place near Chicago last August, and among its other effects the earth-wave or miniature earthquake which it occasioned. Mr. L. W. Roberts gives an account of "Turpentine-Farming." In "The History of a Delusion," the true character of the legend of the mysterious Caspar Hauser, who created a grand sensation in Europe between fifty and sixty years ago, is shown up by M. G. Valbert. Dr. Robson Roose tells some things which it is desirable to know about "Infection and Disinfection." Mr. F. Weber makes an interesting analysis, with musical illustrations, of the "Melody in Speech." Professor W. Preyer, of the University of Jena, defines the "True Aim of Physiology" to be the study of function, which should take the precedence of structure. A sketch and portrait are given of Professor Leo Lesquereux, the distinguished palæo-botanist, the sketch being by L. R. McCabe, of Columbus, Ohio. The Editor's Table is occupied with discussions of "Science and Statesmanship," and "The Growth of Industrialism," and the other departments are quite up to their usual standard of fullness and excellence.

THE population of London now exceeds every other city, ancient or modern, in the world. New York and all its adjacent cities combined are not equal to two-thirds of it. Scotland, Switzerland, and the Australian colonies each contains fewer souls, while Norway, Servia, Greece, and Denmark have scarcely half so many. Yet at the beginning of the present century the population of all London did not reach one million.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 2, 1887.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—It is with pleasure that we place on our exchange list the *Glasgow Observer*, published at Glasgow, Scotland. The first number of its third volume has reached us, and we readily see that it is a sterling Catholic newspaper in every respect, and one which the Catholics of Scotland may well value as a weekly visitor. Its editorial pages present a number of interesting and instructive "notes" on the happenings of the week, together with ably-written editorials on current topics or matters of general interest. Then there are columns devoted to "local notes," "news from Ireland," and general home and foreign news, all of which show careful gleaning and skilful editing. The literary features evince culture and good taste, while lending interest to the paper. As becoming a Catholic paper, articles on religious subjects—such as sermons and lectures by eminent divines on matters of vital importance—are given a prominent place. We feel assured that the *Observer* is doing a good work, and we hope that it is receiving that patronage from a large circle of readers which it well deserves.

—We are glad to learn that a "History" of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., is soon to be published. There is no work connected with

the history of the Church in this country that can be of more interest to the Catholic public than the narrative of the rise and progress of the famous "Mount," the nursery of American bishops and missionaries. Indeed it may be said that the history of Mt. St. Mary's in the early days is the history of the first great struggles and triumphs of the Church in the United States. The preparation of this new and important work was entrusted to Miss Mary Meline, a lady well known in literary circles, and in every way fitted to do full justice to her task. It is with pleasure we note, in this connection, that new life and vigor have been infused in "Old Mount St. Mary's" under the administration of the present Rector, Rev. Father Allen, and its prospects, for a time momentarily clouded, now shine forth bright and glorious as ever.

—Signor Gregori, of the Faculty of the University, has skilfully renovated the life-size portrait in oil of Rt. Rev. John England, lately presented to the Bishops' Memorial Hall by Professor England, a nephew to the first Bishop of Charleston, and the picture now presents the colors it displayed in the early part of the century. The portrait was painted in Ireland shortly after Bishop England's consecration, and it is said to be a speaking likeness of that eminent prelate as he appeared in the first years of his episcopate. It represents him at the age of thirty-four, with black hair, light blue eyes, and handsome, intelligent features. The Bishops' Memorial Hall now possesses two oil portraits of this great divine, who has been justly called the Light of the American Hierarchy. The second canvas displays a profile portrait when the Bishop's hair had been whitened by his years of herculean labors on the American mission. Bishop England was born in Ireland in 1786: he was consecrated first Bishop of Charleston, in 1820, and died in 1842. His influence was felt throughout the whole of our country, and so great was his eloquence that he was invited to speak before Congress. His address against duelling is one of the most masterly productions ever penned in any language. After his death his writings were published in fine, large octavo volumes by his successor, Rt. Rev. Bishop Reynolds.

Conversation.

Among the Asiatics the art of relating is held in high estimation and is properly taught to the young. It is with them one of the principal branches of education, and more care is taken to instruct young men how to talk than how to write. In this we believe that we should imitate them. How few are the parents who instruct their children in the art of agreeable narration! How few are the young men who make it a study and endeavor to excel in it! The greater portion of their time is occupied in acquiring a facility in written composition, and yet they have occasion to relate a hundred times where they have occasion to write

once. If we go down to the Campus, how many young men will we not find who, though they may be excellent writers, do not know how to relate properly anything of length! This is because they have not endeavored to acquire the art of conversation, thinking that in order to converse well no study is required.

Among all civilized nations, agreeable conversation has ever been esteemed as one of the chief and most important productions and promoters of social intercourse. What the standard of good conversation is, differs in the various ages, countries, individuals and sects. The idea of good conversation held by a Quaker is without doubt far different from that held by a man who mixes freely in the gaieties of the world. The natives of Asia, accustomed as they are to a monotonous life, are far more disposed to be patient listeners to long narrations, and the almost endless creations of a fertile fancy; while the gay life led in Paris has its effect upon the inhabitants, and the ready converser may in the course of five minutes touch on thirty different topics. When a literary man, returning from a party of congenial souls, declares that he was entertained with good conversation, he meant something altogether different from what a sporting man would understand by this phrase. In the same way conversation must always bear the impress of the age.

But although conversation assumes, under different circumstances, numerous varieties of character, yet there are certain general rules which should be observed wherever it takes place and whatever be the topic discussed. Conversation is one of the arts, and must be studied like every other; and, as is the case in the other arts both useful and fine, there are certain individuals and even whole nations who possess peculiar talents for it. Yet as it is practised by all accomplished men, it is the duty of every one to make himself as perfect in it as possible.

When we come to study the art of conversation, or rather when we come to lay down rules to guide others in acquiring this art, we find that it is, as is the case in every other art, easier by far to say what should be avoided than what is to be done. As the object of conversation is to afford entertainment or useful information, one of the first rules is to allow everybody to contribute his share; at the same time we ought not to satisfy ourselves by being entertained passively, but should do our endeavor to assist in the gratification of the company. We should not, however, make ourselves too conspicuous, for egotism is the bane of conversation, the purpose of which is not to obtain admiration or to please ourselves, but to entertain others. Franklin has said that we ought never to contradict in company, nor even correct facts if wrongly stated. This rule is undoubtedly too general, for difference of opinion is the soul of conversation; yet at the same time it is not necessary to attack every opinion broached, or make the conversation degenerate into an altercation. To make oneself entertaining, one should adapt himself to the company and his conversation to his talents and information. We have seen men almost wholly

unacquainted with certain sciences and arts make them the subject of conversation, believing that they could interest the company with such topics. It is needless to say that they accomplished a different result, and annoyed and tired everybody. Conversation should be kept flowing, hence he who would make it agreeable should endeavor to seize upon points which can turn it into new channels, and not endeavor to restrict it to one subject. The topics to be talked about should be selected according to the dictates of good sense and good feeling, and none should ever be touched upon which are unpleasant or painful to others present. Many people are apt to consider conversation to be similar to a congressional debate—which is a mistaken idea, for they are by no means alike. Hence if the demonstration of what any one has said becomes tedious to the auditors, he should let it pass. Sometimes we hear a man complaining of a dull conversation, but he should remember that for a lively interchange of ideas two persons are necessary, and he should consider whether he himself is not partly in fault; for the complaint of tediousness is not unfrequently made by those who forget that it is their duty to contribute to the conversation.

A distinguished French author justly remarked that "The tone of good conversation is neither dull nor frivolous. It is fluent and natural; sensible, without being pedantic; cheerful, without being boisterous; elegant, without being affected; polite, without being insipid; and jocose, without being equivocal. It deals not in dissertations nor epigrams; conforms to the demands of good taste, without being bound by rule; unites wit and reason, satire and compliment, without departing from the rules of a pure morality, and allows all to speak on subjects which they understand. Each one expresses his opinion, and supports it in as few words as possible; and no one attacks that of another with warmth, or upholds his own with obstinacy. All impart information, and all are entertained."

The natural tact and courtesy of the French have made them distinguished above all other nations for fluent, sparkling, animated and delightful conversation. More especially was this the case about the middle of the last century. That epoch, when the most refined and polite circles collected around ladies of graceful manners and polished minds, may justly be regarded as the most flourishing period of refined society in France.

B.

Local Items.

- Lent is drawing to a close.
- Next week is Holy Week.
- The R. M. C. remained in a peach blow last week.
- The baseball banquet has been postponed until after Holy Week.
- The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, are booked for April 16.

—The new course of lectures in Science Hall will be inaugurated during Easter week.

—The Seniors are making strenuous efforts to procure new uniforms for the reserve nines.

—The sociable, which was to take place on the 31st of March, has been postponed until after Easter.

—"Who is the boy with dark hair and moustache?" was asked, and "Sag" has been happy ever since.

—Extra "rec" was enjoyed on Saturday afternoon, in honor of the visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger.

—Students, in ordering their Spring suits, should remember the kindness of Mr. Livingston, and give him a call.

—When Jason was stroke in ye olden times, navigation opened early in March. We are getting behind times.

—The name of C. Mooney was omitted by mistake from the list of "Class Honors," Minim department, last week.

—Ice $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick on the lake! We refrain from saying anything in this number about the opening of navigation.

—The weather last Friday was appropriate to the day—midwinter in the morning and midsummer in the afternoon.

—Moses Livingston & Sons, clothiers of 110 and 112 N. Michigan St., South Bend, are the first in the field to donate medals this season.

—There are any number of candidates for captains of Baseball and Boat Clubs, since they have seen the medals destined for the champion captains.

—Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., accompanied by a number of postulants for the Community, arrived at Notre Dame last Saturday afternoon, to the great joy of his numerous friends.

—The two grand gold medals, donated by Moses Livingston & Sons, and designed and manufactured by W. R. Caldwell, a South Bend jeweller, are attracting much attention for their beauty and design.

—The ranks of the Princes have been reinforced this week by the arrival of Masters James J. Walsh, of Limerick, Ireland, and Otto Zieman, of New York city, both exceptionally bright, intelligent young gentlemen.

—The Philodemics met on Thursday night to arrange a program for the public entertainment that body will give early in May. The meeting was big with enthusiasm, and the project is now in working order.

—The Director of the Historical Department acknowledges, with gratitude, many favors received at the hands of Rev. Richard Maher, who, at the expense of his personal convenience, took charge of valuable articles sent to the cabinets and library.

—Thanks are returned to Hon. John W. Copping, Mayor of Alton, Ill., an old student of the University, for a valuable donation to the Library, consisting of the "Report of the Adjutant-General of the State of Illinois"—a work in eight vols.

—At the ordinations on Saturday and Sunday last, Rev. Messrs. Scheier and Mohun were elevated to the Diaconate, and Rev. Messrs. Linnerborn, Thillman and Coleman to the Subdiaconate. The congratulations and best wishes of many friends are extended to the Rev. gentlemen.

—A novel exhibition will be given here in a few days, which will be well worth seeing. Mr. John W. Stout, one of the most expert bicyclists in the world, will perform a number of most difficult and unheard-of feats, and provide a most interesting entertainment. It is expected that all will contribute towards securing him.

—On the evening of the 27th ult., a select number of students tendered a reception to Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger in the large parlor of the University. The exercises consisted of addresses and recitations, together with vocal and instrumental music. On the conclusion, the Rt. Rev. Bishop briefly addressed the audience in words of kindly and paternal counsel.

—The 22d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, March 30. J. Fisher read an excellent criticism on the previous meeting. The committees upon expeditions and in regard to Moot-court respectively gave in their reports. Essays were read by H. Vhay and T. Goebel. Recitations were given by M. Falter, W. McPhee and E. Darragh.

—The "Laws" have organized a society to be known as "The Knights of Blackstone." The first meeting was held on Wednesday evening, when the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Prof. William Hoynes; President, J. V. O'Donnell; 1st Vice-President, C. A. Rheinberger; 2d Vice-President, C. J. Stubbs; Secretary, P. E. Burke; Treasurer, W. J. Rochford; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Brown.

—A meeting of the Junior branch of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin was held Sunday evening, March 27. Masters Clifford, O'Kane and Ewing read papers, respectively upon "St. Stanislaus Kotska," "Dogma of the Immaculate Conception," and "The Ceremonies of Holy Week." Masters E. Darragh, Austin and Adelsperger were appointed to prepare essays for the next meeting. Rev. A. M. Kirsch closed the meeting with a short instruction.

—On Wednesday last, Prof. Gregori forwarded to Philadelphia the magnificent large picture representing the death of St. Francis Xavier, ordered last December by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia. The work is in every way worthy of our great *maestro*, and we are sure it will meet with artistic appreciation in the "City of Brotherly Love." Archbishop Ryan displays excellent taste and judgment in securing for his grand cathedral original pictures by Gregori, who has been pronounced by competent critics on both sides of the Atlantic, one of the greatest of living artists.

—Notre Dame University leads all American colleges in the use of the electric light, having placed the Edison incandescent to the number of 690 in all her various departments. The dynamos

are driven by steam from the large boilers used to warm the buildings, and the increased cost for fuel is little or nothing. Forty lights are used to illuminate the Dome, arranged in a crescent and crown about the head and feet of the statue of "Our Lady," 200 feet from the ground. The apparatus has been put up with the greatest care, and gives unbounded satisfaction. Notre Dame has no great auger boring into a State treasury all the time either.—*Ypsilanti (Mich.) Sentinel*.

—Signor Gregori is now completing some of his studies for the new chapels lately added to the church here at Notre Dame, and it is his intention to decorate them after the rich and gorgeous style of St. Marc's at Venice. The large chapel, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, will be especially magnificent. The walls will be resplendent with gold and artistically painted tapestries, and the ceiling will display one grand immense fresco representing the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. The effect will be as if the vaulted ceiling had disappeared and the heavens opened to give a glimpse of supernatural splendor.

—Rev. Father Richard Maher, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind., arrived at New York on Wednesday, with a large and interesting number of companions. In November of last year he went to Rome, and receiving the Papal benediction, he went to his native County Kilkenny, Ireland, and paid his devotions at the Shrine of St. Canice, from whom the historic town takes its name. There he was the guest of the Bishop of Ossory, and preached to the people of the diocese. He brought with him twenty-five young lady postulants for the Sisters of the Holy Cross, all of whom will enter the Convent at Notre Dame. They come from the dioceses of Ossory, Caher, Waterford, Cloyne, Limerick and Ennis. He has also twenty-four youths from the same districts, who will enter the University established by the Congregation at Notre Dame, and who will be trained for the priesthood.—*Louisville Catholic Advocate*.

—A Scientific Club has recently been organized from amongst the boys of the Biological classes, whose chief end is Microscopical Investigation. The first meeting was held Thursday, a. m., in the College Biological Laboratory. Rev. A. M. Kirsch was unanimously voted the chair of presiding officer. Harry Hull was elected Secretary—Corresponding and Recording. Messrs. F. Long and Flood will fill the positions of Society Draftsmen for the reproduction in enlargement of such minute substances as may be demonstrated in communication. H. Rothert was, by acclamation, accepted as a member (active). The following were elected honorary members: Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Father Zahm, Mr. Rumley, of Laporte; W. H. Johnston, of East Townsend, O.; and Prof. Carnoy, of the University of Louvain, Belgium, in honor of whose Biological learning and achievements the Society styles itself "The Carnoy Microscopical Society."

—The "Youthful Prep." who designed and ex-

ecuted the "Essay on Cats" in last week's SCHOLASTIC is evidently destined to make his mark in the literary world. An old friend of the SCHOLASTIC, residing in Washington, D. C., has addressed him the following letter:

"Having read your 'Essay on Cats' in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, I thought the enclosed article might interest you greatly and aid you, perhaps, in the study of *catology*; but do not fatigue your eyes too much in this great research, for *cataract* might ensue, and then *cataplasms* would have to be used; and *cataplexy* also might be caused, and that would be a fearful *catastrophe*. When your catalogues are ready for publication please send me one. I will conclude with this *category* by asking you *how many words* you can make out of the word 'boy cotting'? 3 Jesuit Fathers at Georgetown University (one Father 90 years of age) have made 63 words. We have reached the number of 32 and will try for more. Now, 'Mr. Prep.,' this will be a fine exercise for your fertile brain, and you, with other young Preps., try and surpass the Georgetown Fathers.

"With the appreciation of your *fun* which, you see, is quite *catching*, _____"

—Rev. J. C. Carrier, C. S. C., Professor of Natural Sciences in the College of St. Laurent, Montreal, whose kindly remembrance is cherished by many at Notre Dame, has made a valuable donation to the Bishops' Memorial Hall. From the interesting letter accompanying the donation, we present to our readers the following extract:

"I have just received from Mgr. Clut, a great friend of mine,—the inclosed letter and photograph of himself. I thought you might be pleased to possess his autograph and his portrait. Here they are for your Bishops' Gallery. I am also sending you, by mail, a little package containing strips of the inner bark (*liber*) of the Arctic willow—raw and prepared—used by himself, his missionaries and Indians Esquimaux and Montaguais of the River Mackenzie, with which they make nets for catching fish. I also inclose a few lengths of thread made of the sinews of cariboo, with which they sew their moccasins, clothes, etc. Bishop Clut, I. O. M., lives at a higher altitude than any other bishop in the world, at this present time: his ordinary residence is at Fort Providence, on the north shore of Great Slave Lake (N. Lat. 63 and W. Long 115). Some of his missions are beyond the Arctic circle, and his diocese extends clear to the North Pole! These facts give additional value, I think, to what I send you."

—The Director of the Historical Department gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following gifts: "United States Catholic Miscellany," Vol. I, published at Charleston, S. C., 1822, presented by Prof. England. "The Annals of Ireland," translated from the original Irish of the Four Masters by Owen Connellan, presented by the University. Portrait and autograph letter of the venerable Father Sourin, of the Society of Jesus, presented by Sister Ambrose. The *Catholic Expositor*, Vol. VI, 1844, presented by Sarah Jones. Manuscript list of French Forts from Lake Erie to Gulf of Mexico before 1780; manuscript copy of the Register of Deaths in the parish of Poste Vincennes from 1750-63; manuscript copy of the Register of Baptisms of savages at Poste Vincennes from 1749-63; Catholic Clergy of Vincennes from 1749-1834; sketch of the Wabash as it appears on the map of the Mississippi in the relations of Fathers Marquette and Joliet, in 1673; pen and ink drawing of Lake Erie, the Wabash, Ohio, and Mississippi, as they are on a French map of Delelle, 1740; French manuscript on the

different names of the Wabash; extracts from the Register of the Annals of Louisiana; genealogy of the family of Drouet de Reckardville; notes on the history of Montreal; list of the Jesuits of Canada from 1611-1736, presented by Rev. Father Allerding.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.:—Gold episcopal ring with circular amethyst setting; pontifical gloves of white silk embroidered with gold, owned by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Luers, first Bishop of Ft. Wayne, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger. Portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop Durier, of Natchitoches, La., presented by Mr. J. Alphonse Prudhomme. Collection of manuscript notes in the handwriting of Rt. Rev. Bishop Bruté; several French manuscripts and notes in the handwriting of Bishop de la Hailandière, presented by a priest. Five printed articles by Bishop Bruté, relating to the life of François M. de Vinsenne and the history of the city of Vincennes, etc., presented by Rev. Father Allerding. Purple silk beretta used by Rt. Rev. Bishop England; ten letters addressed to Rt. Rev. Bishop Conwell by Bishop England; three letters of Bishop Conwell; obituary notices of Bishops England and Conwell; portrait in oil of Bishop England, made by an Irish artist before the Bishop sailed for America, presented by Professor England. Souvenirs of Bishop Chatard, presented by Sister M. I. Box of newspaper clippings relating to Bishop Curtis, Bishop Hendricken, Bishop Neuman, and Archbishop Elder, presented by S. M. F. Manuscript material used in writing his "History of the Diocese of Vincennes," presented by Rev. Father Allerding. Silver cloth mitre used by Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleson, presented by a friend.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Archambeault, M. Akin, Ashton, Aubrey, Beckwith, Becerra, Britt, P. Burke, Baca, Barnes, Bush, Barrett, Beaupre, Burns, Brown, Colina, W. Crowley, Cusack, G. Cartier, C. Combe, Coady, Craft, Cassidy, Dwyer, W. Dorsey, S. Dorsey, Dreever, Dempsey, Eyanson, Esch, Finckh, Ford, Fry, Grever, Gallardo, Gordon, Gibbs, Griffin, G. Houck, Hiner, Hummer, Hagerty, Judie, Jordan, Kelly, Kreutzer, Kleiber, Kingsnorth, Kramer, Ley, Lyons, Leonard, Luther, McKeon, J. McDermott, McErlain, Martineau, McGinnis, Mulkern, McNamara, L. Meagher, Myers, G. Maier, McNally, Neill, Nelson, Andrew Nicholl, Alfred Nicholl, O'Rourke, O'Regan, O'Connell, O'Kane, Orr, J. O'Donnell, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, Paschel, Prichard, Ryan, Rheinberger, Rother, Rodriguez, A. Rudd, Suing, Stubbs, Shannon, F. Smith, H. Smith, Strasser, Triplett, Velasco, Wilson, M. White, Wagoner, W. Williams, W. White, Zaehle.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Austin, Adams, Anderson, H. Bronson, Badger, Bunker, Bull, W. Boland, H. Boland, Baca, Burns, Black, Brannach, Burts, S. Campbell, J. Clarke, B. Clarke, Carney, Cavanagh, Clifford, Cobbs, Casey, Cooney, F. Chute, L. Chute, Curtis, Cartier, G. Cooke, Duffield, Decker, Devine, J. Doss, E. Doss, Draper, Dempsey, E. Darragh, T. Darragh, Ewing, Fitzharris, Falter, Flood, Flynn, Freeman, Galarneau, Goebel, Glenn, Girten, Houlihan, T.

Hake, A. Hake, Henry, Hayes, Hampton, E. Higgins, H. Higgins, Hustin, Handly, Heineman, Inks, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Joyce, Jacobs, Julian, W. Konzen, F. Konzen, Katin, Kellner, Kutsche, Keating, Kinsella, King, Landenwich, Long, Lane, McKenzie, McCart, McKendry, Monarch, Macatee, McPhee, Morrison, Meehan, Mitchell, McGurk, W. McCormick, McGuire, McIntosh, Moncada, McNulty, McDonald, McCambridge, McCabe, Nations, Nussbaum, O'Connor, Ormond, O'Brien, M. O'Kane, O'Hearn, Pfau, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Preston, Riedinger, Roper, Rea, Sweet, Steele, M. Smith, Sullivan, J. Stephens,* Tarrant, Tivnen, Tedeus, Vhay, Warner, Wilbanks, L. White, H. White, Wagoner, Walsh, Welch, Wageman, Wilkin, Weimer.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Boettcher, Bloomhuff, Black, M. Blumenthal, A. Backrack, S. Backrack, H. Backrack, Clendenin, Crotty, J. Connors, E. Connors, C. Connor, W. Connor, Cooke, Corbett, Cohn, Dahler, Doss, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Davidson, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Foote, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Graham, Gale, Grant, Griffin, Goldmann, Garrabant, Garber, H. Huiskamp, J. Huiskamp, Hillas, Hagus, Haney, Jewett, Koester, Kutsche, Keefe, Kane, Klaner, Kerwin, Kraber, Kinsella, Löwenstein, Lane, Lewin, C. Mooney, Martin, H. Mooney, A. Mayer, G. Mayer, L. Mayer, Munro, Mahon, McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, McGuire, A. Morgenweck, Mainzer, Mason, Nester, O'Mara, O'Donnell, O'Neill, Paul, Quill, Rowsey, Riordan, Rogers, A. Sullivan, J. Sullivan, F. Sullivan, Smith, Stone, Sweet, Savage, F. Toolen, F. Toolen, Tompkins, Triplett, Taft, A. Williamson, Weckler, W. Williamson, Walsh, Witkowsky, Ziemann.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

J. Hayes, W. Konzen, F. Konzen, E. Coady, G. Cooper, E. Adams, W. Sullivan, F. Kreutzer, E. Dillon, O. Sullivan, V. Padilla, L. Grever, G. Myers, J. Rudd, C. Eyanson, T. Jordan, D. Quill, M. Akin, C. Bush, B. Stephens, J. Clarke, G. Fry, W. Clifford, W. Luhn, D. McKendry, I. Bunker, G. Cook, W. White, H. Mulberger, D. Strasser, J. McManus, G. Kingsnorth, L. Woodman, F. Rodriguez, J. Whalen, H. White, H. Wageman, J. McDonald, W. Boland, B. Tivnen, T. Noonan, F. Lane, G. Cartier, M. White, A. Gibbs.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—G. Meyers, F. Kreutzer, W. Clifford, T. Jordan, W. Konzen, V. Padilla, I. Bunker, R. Bronson, S. Hummer, E. Berry, G. Houck, E. Darragh, G. Cooke; *Arithmetic*—O. Sullivan, I. Bunker, E. Mathewson, J. Stephens, L. Dunning, W. Boland, S. Hummer, G. Cartier, G. Fry, E. McKeon, W. White, J. Dickenson; *Grammar*—W. Sullivan, S. Hummer, H. Mulberger, H. Boland; *Reading*—F. Dunford, J. Bull, J. McNulty, B. O'Kane, F. Konzen, L. Macatee, J. Doss, W. Clifford, F. Wile, J. Hayes, L. Monarch, A. Duffield, J. Wilson, H. Barnes; *Orthography*—W. Clifford, J. O'Malley, V. Padilla; *Geography*—G. Lane, *United States History*—G. Lane, W. Clifford, T. Darragh, W. Konzen; *Penmanship*—F. Rodriguez, D. Quill, W. McManus, J. Nester, W. Sullivan, F. Suing, T. Jordan, W. Clifford, H. Warner, G. Tarrant, D. McKendry, F. Baca; *Algebra*—M. Dore, C. Paquette, A. Jewett, L. Preston; *Phonography*—F. Wile, E. Blessington, H. Wageman, G. Dreever, F. Suing, C. Paquette, M. Luther, W. McNamara, E. Dillon, E. Adelsperger.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—All on the "Tablet of Honor" in the Junior department drew for the Roman mosaic cross, which was won by Miss C. Bragdon.

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau has our grateful thanks for a beautiful picture—"St. Ignace dans la Grotte de Manreze"—received through his kindness.

—Miss Margaret Murphy, a pupil of St. Mary's in 1884, a faithful and edifying child of Mary, died on the 11th of March at her home in Red Jacket, Mich. Affectionate condolences are warmly proffered to her bereaved parents. *R. I. P.*

—On Wednesday evening the rare treat of an historical lecture from Rev. President Walsh, of the University, was the happy lot of the young ladies. His subject was "France in the XVIth Century." The clear, impartial, and comprehensive treatment of his subject charmed all who had the pleasure of listening to the learned and accomplished speaker.

—A spirited competition in the first and second Junior Grammar classes was held this week. Estelle Dempsey led the first band, Hazel Pugsley the second. The misses Campbell, Stiefel, Mercer, Clore, and Wallace, were opposed to the Misses B. McCormick, G. Garrity, Burdich, Fritz, I. Becker and O'Mara. All did so well, that no decision could be made in favor of either side.

—The politeness badge in the Minim department was won by Jessie Wallace. The princesses repaired to the pastoral residence to secure the honor of drawing for the important insignia at the hands of Very Rev. Father General, who seemed to enjoy their visit. Charlotte Caddagan recited "A Puzzled Papa" with very graphic and amusing effect, after which the princesses returned with bright faces and happy hearts to the Academy.

—On Sunday evening, *Rosa Mystica*, Vol. XIV, No. 2, was read. It was edited by the Misses Heckard, Carmien and Snowhook. After the reading of the paper, Miss Horn read the dedication of the "Memorial Volume" to be soon issued in honor of the beloved Superior of St. Mary's, Mother Mary of St. Angela. It will contain the numerous testimonials to her worth which have been received since the sad day when, in her person, death robbed the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross of one of its brightest ornaments.

—On Sunday St. Mary's enjoyed the honor of a short visit from Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger. He preached a beautiful sermon at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, on the mystery that day commemorated—the sacred Passion of Our Lord. The members of the community afterwards received his Lordship in the convent. In the course of his visit, speaking of Mother Angela, he remarked—and his manner, even more than his words, expressed his deep emotion: "You grieve, and I grieve with you in your great loss. Mother Angela spent her life in the service of the com-

munity. She was devoted—O, so devoted to the community. She loved it, and if she had a fault, it was that she loved it too much."

—Acknowledgments are tendered for letters of condolence from the following-named: Rev. Denis Tighe and his sister, Miss Lizzie Tighe, Chicago; Rev. Father Hannin—March 25; Rev. M. B. Brown, Cedar Grove, Cincinnati, O.; Rev. J. H. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; Sister M. St. Pierre, Sr. M. Euphemia, Holy Cross Academy, Washington, D. C.; Mother M. Lucretia, St. Mary's, Woodland, Cal.; Sr. M. Florentine, St. Mary's, Austin, Texas; Srs. M. Anna, Liguori, and Leonard, St. Mary's, Salt Lake city, Utah; Sr. M. Jerome and Sr. M. della Purificazione, Sacred Heart Academy, Ogden, Utah; Sisters of Holy Cross, St. Bernard's, Watertown, Wis.; Sisters of Holy Cross, Washington, D. C.; Sister Mary Alénie, Convent of Notre Dame, San Francisco, Cal.; Sister Mary Gonzales, Convent of Mercy, McKeesport, Penn.; Sister Mary Aloysia Terry, Visitation Convent, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Julia Walker Fisk, Class '74, of Helena, Montana; Miss H. Niel, Class '71, Miss L. Niel, Class '74, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss L. Fendrich, Class '84, Evansville, Ind.; Miss Ada Clark, New York city; Mrs. H. M. Davis, San Antonio, Texas; Mrs. Dr. Patterson, Emmitsburg, Md.; Col. A. J. Dallas, his wife and daughters, San Antonio, Florida; Major Jefferson Davis Bradford, Baltimore, Md.; J. Howley, Cairo, Ill.

—Among the numerous letters of condolence daily received, we present the following from an intimate friend of our dear lamented Mother Angela:

"She whose death we now mourn has in her life left us the greatest, and all the consolation we can have for her loss. How I wish I could be with you in this your dark hour of sorrow! Words, I know, are but poor mediums of consolation, and, I am sure, none are needed from me to acquaint you how deeply I feel for you and the dear Sisters, and, above all, for her venerable and beloved mother. Believe me, my heart is rent with sympathy for you all, not for her, the dearly loved, the favored of God, who has called her home from her pious labors to bliss eternal in His holy presence. Who of us would not exchange places with her, and who of us would not be happy to stand in her foot-prints on earth and follow her to her just reward? I feel it a privilege to have known her and to be allowed to mourn with you her loss. She was my dearest, best-beloved friend, and in her death I, too, have received a blow from which I will never fully recover. We knew and loved her well, and thoroughly appreciated her. I cannot bear to think that I will never see her again, and am as yet trying to reconcile myself to her loss. We were sisters in affection, and friends as only that tie can really be fully understood. But of you, what shall I say to comfort you? If I feel thus, what must be your feelings after so many years of companionship? She was a sharer of your success, your labors, your doubts and discouragements. Truly a daughter capable and willing to assist you, overflowing with affection and sympathy, cheerful and self-sacrificing, never weary of doing good, uniting a man's intellect with all a woman's tenderness and charm of manner. But why continue to enumerate her virtues? They are now her ornaments in eternity, and more priceless than all this world contains. It was through her I learned to know and love you so dearly. Let me hope, that the tie that binds us and she cemented, will not be broken by her loss. God grant that it be drawn closer, and that our dear one who is now in heaven will strengthen it all the more by her prayers in our behalf.

"CLARA S. FITZGERALD."

Mother Mary of St. Angela.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

Our Mother lay like a saint asleep,
In the hush of the chapel there;
And eyes were streaming that seldom weep,
While each one said a prayer
For the peaceful dead, with her crucifix
Clasped tight in her fingers fair.

The Psalms were sung, and the Mass was said,
And the holy Bishop told
Of the life of her who lay there dead,
With the cross in her gentle hold.
(If a child should number her good deeds done,
In the telling he would grow old.)

And many a heart on this sad earth
Re-echoed the good man's praise;
For the sunlight fell at the morning's birth,
And shone with its parting rays
On a host who mourn, tho' they question not
The meaning of their Lord's ways.

His servant she was while He gave her breath,
And serving Him still she died—
Or rather she lived; for there is no death
When He is the patient Guide
O'er the rugged pathway which men call life,
To the place where the saints abide.

—*The Ave Maria.*

[From the "New York Freeman's Journal."]

Mother Mary of St. Angela.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

I.

For thirty-four years there has stood forth from the ranks of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the United States, like the figure-head of some beautiful barge, a personage so remarkable that even the levelling rule of religious profession could not lessen the charm of her individuality. One who, whether as Mother Superior or Mistress of Novices or Directress of Studies, or simply Sister Mary of St. Angela, carried into her obedience the same exaltation of purpose, the same swiftness of execution, the same consuming zeal, the same heroic self-denial, the same utter oblivion of her brilliant place in the world, excepting as the ties of a noble connection could aid her in the work to which she had set her hand—the service of God in the perfection of the religious state, according to the rule and the spirit of her Order.

The story of Mother Angela's life is the story of the Sisters of the Holy Cross from its early day, and we all know what a peculiar charm lingers around the beginnings of a religious family in a new country; the charm of voluntary poverty, not only endured patiently, but lived through with a joyfulness which seems to flee with prosperity; and never was there a daughter of St. Francis of Assisi to whom poverty brought its own peculiar gayety and lightness of heart more than to Eliza Maria Gillespie as Sister Angela of Miricia. What beautiful days were those when she moved among

her dear Sisters under the locusts, all in bloom, that shaded the lawn between the old Academy which she had had moved from Bertrand, and the exquisite chapel of Loreto* all busy in making the fifteen banners symbolizing the fifteen decades of the Rosary, which were to be borne in the procession on the last day of May in honor of the Blessed Virgin! What shifts of ingenuity transformed the poverty of materials into veritable tissues of gold and silver under her cunning hands! How the candles shone forth in the dusk of the still summer evening from the hands of every individual in this procession, as it wended its way along the edge of the high, thickly wooded river bank, through the garden, and back through the grove to Loreto again, and how sweetly the canticles of Our Lady were warbled forth by Sisters, novices and pupils! And the school! What class, what teacher, did not feel the stimulus of that mind, heart, step, all on the alert? What enthusiasm for excellence in all the grades, what avidity for the rank which deserved a prize, although the Community might be too poor to give it!† And when the Academy, of fine yellow brick, actually rose from the foundations, what a vision of spacious wings, sheltered galleries, with their study halls, music halls, library stored with the choicest literature of many lands, natural history rooms and museum, studio with its full equipment of art studies and gallery of pictures to excite emulation, above all the convent chapel, rose before the eyes of Mother Angela! Who does not remember her, who saw her during those years, as a veritable inspiration, and recall the fact that, whether at St. Mary's or Chicago, Philadelphia or Washington, there was that in her presence which put the highest ideals of education before directresses, teachers and pupils? School-books—a whole series, according to the best models in use, adapted to all the grades of the schools taught by the Order, academic or parochial, were in progress; the deaf-mutes were under instruction, and she seemed perfectly absorbed in this work of Catholic education, when the beat of the drum, calling on the Nation to arm her sons for the defence of "the Stars and Stripes," broke the stillness of the sacred seclusion

* This chapel stands on the edge of a high, richly wooded bank of the river St. Joseph, which makes a curve on the west of St. Mary's. The chapel was built after an exact model of "The Holy House of Loreto," brought from there by Mother Angela's brother, Rev. N. H. Gillespie, C. S. C., the first graduate of the University of Notre Dame. The expenses of this chapel were met by their venerable mother.

† His Grace Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, still tells with glee how the prizes were given in his time at Notre Dame and St. Mary's. One, two or three volumes answered for Notre Dame thus: When the first prize had been given to one class, it was cheerfully surrendered to another class, and so on; and when Notre Dame had thus bestowed its true and enduring laurels, the books were taken over to St. Mary's and given, in the same manner, to the best scholars in the Academy. When all was over, the first, second, and third prize winners gayly drew lots for the final possession of the books. Can we not see (the Archbishop does) how the dross of emulation was thus eliminated, and like the Greek crown of wild olive awarded to the victor, the honor of merit was esteemed beyond the prize itself?

even of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Then it was that our peaceful barge with its graceful figure-head changed into a swift companion of mighty ironclads, not freighted with guns, but with Sisters, taking possession, in the name of charity, of empty warehouses, of unfinished, barrack-like sheds, to which they gave the name of hospitals; and which became hospitals in very deed and in truth, by some transformation known only to the hand of Christian charity. The records of those years will be known only at the Day of Judgment, in their fullness and their beauty: but generations to come, the white-veiled novice of the Order of the Holy Cross will be allowed, we hope, to renew the zeal of religious aspirations, by perusing the story of those hospital Sisters, some of whom died, and were carried to their burial over the flooded Mississippi in the hospital boats; others sank more slowly, but as surely, under the awful fatigues and hardships of their self-sacrifice, and lie in the peaceful burying-ground at St. Mary's; while others still labor, wise and valiant and steadfast, in the several vineyards of their Congregation.

From that record, which our own hand penned from the stories of individual Sisters, sent in from kitchen and infirmary and class-room, to give what seemed a deposition more than a story—so scrupulous were they for the accuracy of each incident related—we shall draw from memory, without the ability or permission to give names or dates, one or two instances which will bring out the characteristics of the subject of this sketch as no eulogy could do. But we must be allowed to parenthesize that when the record was finished, after weeks of close labor, and we said: "What an interesting volume this will make; how eagerly it will be read!" we heard not one merry laugh only, but a dozen, and the exclamation: "A volume! Do you suppose this will ever go into print? No, indeed; but into the most secret drawer of the records of St. Mary's!"

During the early days of the war and the hospital service we all know how inadequate were the supplies for the sick and wounded, how meagre the equipments for the hospital nurses. A poor little circular stove, hardly larger than a stove-pipe, served the indefatigable Mother Angela on which to prepare, with her own skilful hands, the early cup of gruel for her patients, rising at 4, or, if need were, at 3 in the morning to answer the first call of the sufferers; and the character of the stores provided was such as few could realize one year later. At this time the Commissary Board sent a visitor to the camp and hospital where Mother Angela and her Sisters were stationed. During all these months nothing could exceed the courtesy of the officers, who always shared any choice provisions which came to them with the Sisters', as they supposed, while the Sisters as scrupulously passed on to their patients everything which could tempt the sick appetite, sharing, in fact, only the rations served regularly to the hospital wards. When the Commissary visitor arrived he was duly escorted to the hospital, which excited his warmest approbation for its or-

der, neatness, comfort of every sort; but as he was bowing himself out in the most complimentary manner from the presence of Mother Angela and her band of Sisters, she said to him: "But, Mr. —, you must allow us to show you some hospitality. Pardon our lack of silver and porcelain, but take a cup of hospital tea!"

"Thank you, thank you, Mother Angela; but I have taken dinner already with the officers, and need nothing."

"Allow me to insist!" and before another excuse could be urged, a Sister appeared with a snow-white napkin and a tin cup and spoon of the hospital and—the anything than fragrant beverage of hospital tea. "Sugar, Sister," said the sweetly-ringing voice of the gentle woman, Mother Angela, and before our Commissary visitor could wave off this fresh specimen of hospital luxury, Mother Angela had dumped into the tin cup what resembled the scrapings of the molasses-barrel more than sugar. Our Commissary visitor was a gentleman from the toe of his boot to the crown of his head, and he drank the cup of tea, well stirred, to its dregs, without a grimace, bowing as he handed the empty tin cup to the Sister, while Mother Angela rubbed her little hands with unmistakable glee and the full merriment of laughing eyes, as she said: "I knew, Mr. —, you would wish a taste of our hospital tea!" And the Commissary visitor vowed in his heart, as he turned from the hospital door, that the next train, on his arrival home, should take, as he said in his letter to Mother Angela, such stores to her own and to every hospital under his charge as a Christian man could accept without shame from the hand of any hospital nurse in the land.

One other incident. Among the disabled Confederates brought to the Union Hospital at —, was an officer of high rank, who had been wounded in the lung and his arm nearly torn from his body. Lashed to his bed of suffering to secure his wounds from any loosening of bandages, he seemed like a Prometheus bound—only full of gratitude for the care bestowed by surgeons and nurses. One day while the Sister in charge was in attendance upon the officer, a surgeon stepped in hurriedly, saying, in a low voice: "Sister, you must leave the room instantly!" And as she showed reluctance to leaving her patient, who needed her attention, he repeated: "Instantly, you must not delay!" She obeyed, but went directly to Mother Angela, whose quick step, noiseless as it was, brought her, almost in the same breath, to the officer's room, confronting the astonished surgeon with the question:

"Why have you dismissed my Sister from the bedside of her patient?"

"Danger, immediate danger."

"Then she should most certainly have remained at her post."

"You do not understand me. There is an uprising of the troops, who have just heard of this officer's arrival, and although they are under a mistake, no one can convince them that he did not, *knowingly*, fire upon the scalded Union soldiers

jumping from the exploded ironclad —, into the Mississippi, and they are resolved to shoot him in his bed."

As he said this, a hoarse yell broke on the ears of the surgeon and of the religious, on the ears, too, of the patient pinioned to his cot.

"You must leave the room, Mother Angela! They are here already and too frenzied to listen to reason, or even to commanders."

"And you cannot protect your prisoners, your wounded prisoners?"

"Nor can we protect you, even, Mother Angela, unless you leave this room instantly!"

One look at the wounded officer gave her the face of a man who could have met death in battle bravely, now to die like a villain. His wounded lung was strained to gashing, his nostrils dilated, his eyes starting from their sockets, the large beads of perspiration rolling from his face—a veritable Prometheus bound to his hospital cot! Without a word in reply to the surgeon, Mother Angela stepped to the window, which was wide open, closed it and stood directly before it. By this time the hoarse shouts of the multitude, "Shoot the coward, like a dog as he is!" with curses, loud and deep, filled the air. No sooner, however, did the soldiers see the slight figure of Mother Angela, her white cap and collar standing out from the black veil and habit, than they cried out: "Go away, Sister, go away! let us shoot him like a dog!" But the slender figure remained immovable. Again rose cries and shouts: "Go away, Sister! Leave him—he deserves to die like a dog!" But not a finger of that little woman was raised, even in expostulation, until it was plain to them that they must shoot the Sister before they could harm her charge.

All at once came a lull, then a silence; then, as the far rear urged forward the surging ranks, there was a turning at the front as if to pass some word along the lines; when, one by one, then by tens and fifties and hundreds, the multitude moved silently away from the hospital precincts, and the very hush of death hung over the space where half an hour before clamored the infuriated soldiers of a noble Republic. Only when the keen eye of Mother Angela had seen the last man in his barrack, did she raise the window sash and turn to her patient. One look of gratitude, of unspeakable confidence, told her all that was in his heart; but she did not leave him, even to the care of a Sister, until his safety was guaranteed from headquarters.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, Brady, Barry, Bub, Bates, Brophy, Blacklock, Beschamang, Birdsell, Clifford, E. Coll, Carmien, Coglein, B. Claggett, Dillon, H. Dempsey, Dart, Desenberg, E. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Egan, Fuller, Foin, Faxon, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Gordon, Griffin, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, Henke, Hawkins, Johnson, Kearsey, Kearney, Kearns, McHale, Miner, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, McCormick, Marsh, Moore, McCarthy, Moran, O'Conner, Negley, Neff, Patrick, Proby, G. Regan, Rend, Rose, E. Regan, Reed, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard, Snowhook, Stadtler, Shields,

Sterns, M. Smith, Stocksdale, Sullivan, Sweet, Triplett, Tomlins, Williams, Wehr, Wimmer, Weishart, Wright, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, Beaubien, O. Boyer, Bragdon, Bruus, Bridgeman, Burdich, Crane, Campeau, E. Dempsey, J. Fisher, Fritz, Garrity, L. Griffith, Geer, Hinz, Hughes, Huntting, Kendall, Knauer, Leonard, Lindsey, Mason, McDonnell, McEwen, G. Meehan, Morse, Mercer, E. Nester, Prudhomme, Quinn, Rhodes, Rogers, Stapleton, Steele, Stiefel, Wiesenbach.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Becker, I. Becker, Caddagan, McCormic, O'Mara, Quealy, Wallace.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE, GRADUATING CLASS—Miss Ada Shephard.

1ST COURSE, GRADUATING CLASS—Miss Estelle Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses Guise, Rend, Van Horn.

2D DIV.—Misses Dillon, Fuller, M. F. Murphy, Riedinger, Snowhook, Wolvin.

3D CLASS—Misses Egan, C. Griffith, Kearney, St. Clair.

2D DIV.—Misses Brady, Fitzpatrick, Foin, Gavan, G. Regan, Shields.

4TH CLASS—Misses Barry, H. Coll, A. Duffield, Flannery, A. Miner, Wimmer.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Duffield, N. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Hinz, Koester, Moran, McCarthy, Stadtler.

5TH CLASS—Misses Allnoch, Bragdon, Clendenen, Clifford, Gordon, E. Hutchinson, Kearsey, M. Murphy, Proby, M. Smith, Stapleton, Sullivan, Wright.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Bates, Blacklock, Bub, E. Claggett, B. Claggett, Carmien, Desenberg, Faxon, Fravel, Griffin, Hughes, Henke, Hummer, Kendall, Knauer, Kearns, A. Kennedy, N. Morse, McDonnell, McEwen, E. Nester, Pierson, Quealy, Steele, Stafford, R. Smith, Tomlins.

6TH CLASS—Misses Beaubien, Caddagan, S. Dempsey, J. Fisher, Hull, Hertzog, Harlem, Heckard, M. Kennedy, Marsh, L. Meehan, H. Meehan, Mason, C. McNamara, M. McNamara, Patrick, Stocksdale, Triplett, Wynn, Weir.

2D DIV.—Misses T. Balch, Coglein, E. Balch, Dart, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, Heyman, Hake, M. Hutchinson, Johnson, M. Morse, M. McCormic, Prudhomme, Pugsley, Rhodes, Weishart, Zahm.

7TH CLASS—Misses E. Blaine, Bruus, Bridgman, M. Coll, Cook, K. Fisher, Fritz, Huntting, Negley, Leonard, O'Conner, E. Regan, Reed, Thompson.

2D DIV.—Misses Campbell, O'Mara, Wallace.

8TH CLASS—Misses G. Garrity, B. McCormic.

9TH CLASS—Misses Crane, G. Meehan, Mercer, Wiesenbach.

HARP.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Dillon, Fitzpatrick, A. Shephard.

6TH CLASS—Miss E. Nester.

GUITAR.

2D CLASS—Miss A. Egan.

5TH CLASS—Miss L. Griffith.

6TH CLASS—Miss Hawkins.

VIOLIN.

2D CLASS—Miss Koester.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss B. Claggett.

4TH CLASS—Miss Fravel.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. F. Murphy.

2D DIV.—Miss H. Guise.

2D CLASS—Misses K. Gavan, L. St. Clair, L. Foin.

2D DIV.—Miss C. Moran.

3D CLASS—Misses F. Wynn, R. Smith.

2D DIV.—Misses K. Brophy, A. Miner, E. McCarthy.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Bragdon, M. Barry, M. McNamara, E. Allnoch, F. Carmien, E. Heyman, C. Dempsey, N. Dempsey.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Hawkins, A. McDonald, Steele, A. Gordon, I. Bub, F. Hertzog, L. Meehan, C. Triplett, L. Williams, C. Proby, M. Dunkin.